In a Small Body

Titus Andronicus

Don't tell me I was born free
That joke has been old since high school
You'll only find the wrong job for me
Much as I'm looking like the right toolI never wanted to grow up to be
Some kind of social construct, imagine me
A cog in some kind of infernal machine
And yet a bounty of beautiful boxes awaits
Forever flashing on that screen
So please, don't tell me I was born freeYou're gonna get your change to be hung
You'll make a great gift to gracious girls
Try to swallow while you're still young
That your dick's too short to fuck the world
What you know about being no sort of slave?
I know some kids who'd kill for this kind of cage
But I never want to act my age
I'm a born again babe with a vague rage
Mewling and puking upon that page, okay?
So don't ever get in my waySweating through the sheets seven nights a week
Screaming as I sleep, dreams of demons streaming through the streetsWatch the acid eat away the enamel
Kissing the toiler seat, does it make me an animal?Sludge through the sewage, it's such a world of shit
Feeling like we live, live on a Diarrhea PlanetFirst I was emboldened, then I was embarrassed
Started out golden and ended up garish
I couldn't approve, but I could understand
I know what just appeared, and what just happened in your underpantsTonight your gonna see, it's my body and me
We'll ride to the city and grab on that sin with both hands
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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